Attaining the Perfect Playa Experience™

by DR. LIZARD

The Anal Retention Camp Demonstration Project is again being hosted in Disturbia village this year, for those who still haven't had a chance to benefit from the efforts of Disturbia's hard-working Chief Sphincter, yours truly, the illustrious Dr. Lizard. In past years, many first-timers and even veterans have been able to realize the goals of a Perfect Playa Experience™ by applying the simple rules of Anal Retention Camp.

So just what *is* Anal Retention Camp all about anyway? Well, let's look at the root term, "anal retention." Anal Retention isn't just about holding your shit in – it's about holding your shit *together*. As we all know, in recent years there have been more and more people showing up at Burning Man who just can't keep their *shit together*. And they are having an increasingly deleterious effect on the so-called Burning Man Experience.

Have you ever sat down to take a dump, and it all came out in one smooth, long, *whoooosh?* Aaahh. And then when you went to wipe, there was nothing on the toilet paper? Now that's the feeling we're talking about. Anal Retention isn't just about waiting until the perfect time to take a shit... it's about taking simple steps to ensure that all of your shit comes out perfectly.

On the playa, where so many factors are beyond your control, it is essential to control those few factors you can. By adhering to a very simple set of rules, and structuring one's behavior accordingly, it is possible to have the Perfect Playa Experience™, and impart qualities of this experience to those around you. These rules have been developed and tested over several years' worth of Burning Man Experiences, and they really work. The Anal Retention Camp Demonstration Project is here to show you how. If you can *just* follow these rules, you too can have the Perfect Playa Experience™. Actually, many of these rules are applicable off the playa as well. It isn't that difficult; most people learn how to hold their shit together by the age of five.

Dr. Lizard, Chief Sphincter of Disturbia

Adrian Roberts

Anal Retention Camp Rules

1. Drink enough water so that you piss clear.
2. Never leave camp without battening down your stuff against sudden wind.
3. Clean up your mess *when* you make it, not "later."
4. Put everything back where you found it.
5. Carry water with you at all times.
6. Apply sunscreen to your entire body before you get dressed.
7. Put the lid up to pee (guys).
8. Put the lid down to shit (everyone).
9. Don't shit on the fucking seat!
10. Pack out all your trash.
11. Carry your cigarette butts with you.
12. Take responsibility for all your actions.
13. Even under the influence of psychoactive substances!
14. Your right to swing your fist ends at the next person's nose.
15. Finish all your beverages.
16. Recycle the containers.
17. Clean your own dishes.
18. Don't hassle the cops.
19. Don't hassle the naked chicks.
20. Help as many people as have helped you. Or more.
21. Give as much as is given to you. Or more.
22. Bring enough water for anything.
23. Don't leave anything lighter than an anvil laying about.
24. Do what you say you're going to do.
25. Leave the world a better place than you found it.

The only thing the Love Parade made me love was BM

by TOKYO RICO

Here's me mumbling to myself during last year's Burning Man, my fourth: "Fucking ravers with their stupid trance – at least try some drum and bass, you moron robot fuckers! No *fire* allowed? It's called BURNING Man! Fucking cops... goddamned yahoos everywhere... shithead Rangers giving me attitude... oh, and hey, isn't the desert supposed to be hot? Fuck you, God! And fuck you, Larry Harvey, I'll come back to this hell when it freezes over."

Here's me today: "Thank you God, and thank you Larry Harvey, for Burning Man. Thank you thank you and a thousand times thank you, oh blessed, blessed beings. When I get back to the playa I'm not just gonna drop to my knees and kiss it – I'm gonna drop to my knees and french it. I might even whip out my thing and give that playa the deep, soulful fucking it so richly deserves."

What turned my head around? What unsoured my ass and put me solidly back on the hardcore Burning Man tip, kicking it super-live in the I Heart Black Rock City hizz-ouse?

Two words: "Love Parade."

The Love Parade in Berlin, Germany. I'd heard so much about it. The European Burning Man, I'd heard. Only bigger, much bigger, and billed as both a celebration of techno music and, more generally, of almighty PLUR – Peace, Love, Unity, Respect. There's a gorgeous Love Parade photo book with big bright pictures of Love Parade attendees in full candy-raver garb. Oh yes, I thought, very Burning Man, all that body paint and brightly-colored hair and proud nudity and attitude. I simply must go one day.

That day came. Last month I found myself in Berlin on a lovely summer day, surrounded by an estimated 500,000 fellow paraders and many millions of watts worth of amplifiers, blasting trance as we all waded through the Brandenburg gates and down toward that big angel monument that figured so prominently in *Wings of Desire*.

Berlin's infamous Love Parade is no BM

And folks, there was no love.

Here's what there was, though:

Huge balloons with corporate logos and brand names plastered across, advertsing Durex condoms, Mobile Telecom, Intel, and Microsoft.

Constantly circling blimps, like at an NFL game, advertising Goodyear and Fujifilm. It was well-nigh impossible to take a low-angle photograph without getting one of those fuckers in the shot.

Drunk people blowing on whistles. Hundreds of thousands of shrieking whistles, right in your ear.

There were people selling the whistles so as many people as possible could blow on them. There were also people selling balloons, and sunhats, and beer, and Pepsi, and hot dogs, and Love Parade T-shirts, and Love Parade CDs, and hats and patches and stickers and keychains.

And there was especially trash. The Love Paraders were so filled with love that they couldn't bear to stop loving one another long enough to pack out their own trash. So they left it, lovingly, on the parade route, which quickly became coated with shattered glass. It was impossible to take a step without crushing a bottle. There were also loving knee-high mounds of trash, miles of them, piled up lovingly on the curbs, and in the nearby park, and all around the city, left by Paraders on their way to love love at the Love Parade.

So here's what I'm saying...

You know how Burning Man's become pretty big, almost uncomfortably so? IT COULD BE BIGGER.

You know how Larry and his pals are finally making a living off the fest? They could be making a lot more.

You think Burning Man has "sold out?" How? To who? It would be so easy for this event to become a Love Parade – so easy for BMorg to sell broadcast rights to MTV (the Parade was actually co-sponsored by German MTV-wannabe channel Viva), and hang a few Budweiser banners here and there, and sell water for five bucks a bottle. We'd all stop going, but millions of teenage kids who wouldn't know any better would show up for the very first time. Probably blowing on fucking whistles. Larry wouldn't have to listen to it, because he'd be holed up in a mansion in Pacific Heights that he bought with his briefcases full of cash, sipping single-malt and laughing at all us dumb suckers who thought we'd created something – ha! – real and beautiful.

Yeah, Burning Man's got its bureaucratic evils now, and it's not as hot on the playa as it used to be. But it hasn't sold out, and goddammit we leave the desert clean. That's a miracle. And I'll take miracles where I can find them. Watch out playa, I've got my thing in my hand and you're about to get seriously laid.

Confessions of a newbie

by ANDREA SPACEGIRL DRUGAY

It's Dave and Spacegirl!

I have not always been this cool.

Several years ago, while high on E at the very first "real" rave I ever attended, I wound up completely embarrassing myself during a conversation with a very cute, very techno guy who wanted to know how many raves I had been to. Young and shy about my lack of "experience," I coyly asked him to guess. He smirked and sneered, "It's your first."

I gasped and ran away, horrified! How could he know? My newness! How shameful! How quaint!

Fast forward, year 2000: a hundred raves and however many drugs later, I have come to accept and fully embrace the new, the unknown, to revel in it.

And finally, after years of talking with friends, acquaintances, and ex-boyfriends who had gone to Burning Man and loved it, I found last year myself heading out for the first time ever. The desert! The non-rave! The freaks! I was traveling with a group of crazy party people who were all heading out for their second, third, fifth, eighth time.

As it turned out, my trip was a well-padded one, cushy, in fact, for a virgin: not only was our group large enough to take over three corners of an intersection, but we had our own full-on club, complete with silver dome, lasers, DJs, and equipment galore.

I was so ripe, so ready to go. And years after the humiliation with techno guy, I was absolutely determined to be the best virgin ever. "Ooh, I've never done *this* before!" would be my mantra.

As the months crept up like underwear during a long drive, my mind began swirling, filled to the rim with lists of things to buy, things to make, clothing to hem, batteries to test. What was I in for? Where was the edge of this new world? I had heard the stories, seen the pictures. I had the outfits, the gear, the common-sense fear of the unknown and yet the sick, horny desire for outrageously transcendental psychedelic, sensual experiences. But did I have "it"?

The questions nagged at me for weeks before I left. Would it really get unbearably hot in the desert? Too hot to wear a wig during the day? What if we run out of water? What if we run out of beer? What if I have a bad trip? What if I run into someone I know? What if I don't? Will I get to run around naked? Will I get to be in an orgy? Will feminist hippie chicks hate me because I'm straight? Am I straight?

The answers, my friend, came blowing in the wind – and the dust, and the chunks of playa, and the dozens of overblown tents and tarps. The answers blew into my ears and up my nose, got tangled in my new playa-made dreadlocks, infiltrated my cranial region and have since taken up permanent residence in the gray matter formerly known as Brain.

The answers, I discovered last year: it is usually too hot to wear a wig during the day, and if you bring 98 cans of beer, you probably won't run out. If you go into a trip in a good head, you'll probably come out of it in a good head. You will always and never run into someone you know. A cute outfit can be just as much fun as being naked. I'm still looking for an orgy and I'm probably not really straight. And feminist hippie chicks like me.

Of course, all the answers I discovered last year only led to more questions once I returned to the city. Why did I never go before 2000? Have I ever had a greater week in my life? Why do people still go if they complain about it all the time? Where can I get a cheap golf cart?

I still can't answer those Q's, but I do know that this year will be bigger and, well, maybe size really does matter. I'll never be able to sit around the campfire telling stories about '95, cheap ticket prices, or "back when it was underground," but I will be able to have a great time in '01, with expensive tickets and tons of people.

All said, there's not much to say except, well, you're here and you're reading this so you probably know already and if you don't, you will, soon. It's what you make of it, it's mind over matter, carpe diem, be here now, stop whining, ride your bike, fly a kite, play along, chill out, go with the flow, freak out. If you're sneering, sneer somewhere else. And if you're a newbie, remember your sunblock.

A time for not getting naked

by SAGE COLLINS

Critical Dicks

Salvatore Vasapolli

I knew I'd have to get used to all the naked people. Part-time and full-time nudists, the old, the young, all shapes and sizes go naked for Burning Man – it's just a fact of living here. Even if you plan never to go naked yourself, you'll still have to adjust to seeing so many people who've decided otherwise. That adjustment is actually not as difficult as many believe, and I got used to things the first night I arrived. Besides, there was something special about unpacking that first night and seeing both Burning Man and a lovely nude girl in pigtails for the first time. I still sigh about it, as I can still remember her face. Anyway, I assumed I simply didn't have any issues with it, and that was that.

Two years ago that assumption died after arriving near Gigsville to set up camp, where I was a witness to something I don't think anyone should ever have to see. And so I write to all of you now, hoping you'll make that happen. Like I said, I assumed I was more than used to it, but despite my confidence, nothing could've prepared me for the incomparable sight not less than 50 feet away from my tent: he was completely naked – except for a tool belt.

This wouldn't be such a big deal if the guy was in the middle of a Village People impersonation, and with the majority of Burners hailing from San Francisco, I'm sure that's not such an uncommon sight to see. But actually using the tools while you're naked?!? Are you insane?!?

C'mon guys, think this one through: You're hitting an extremely sharp nail with a very blunt and heavy hammer. Meanwhile, a variety of other sharp and blunt objects dangle just below your hips just as your penis is flapping around in the breeze like a loose piece of tarp, aloof, free – and vulnerable. Hell, the possibility of *splinters alone* should be enough to keep your clothes on.

People commonly complain when the butt cracks of plumbers appear. And you know, there's a reason. But now you think that out here in the desert, we suddenly don't have a problem with it *and* we're so into the radical self-expression thing that we're not at all offended that we can see half way up your colon while you're building your theme camp?!? Quit it, already!

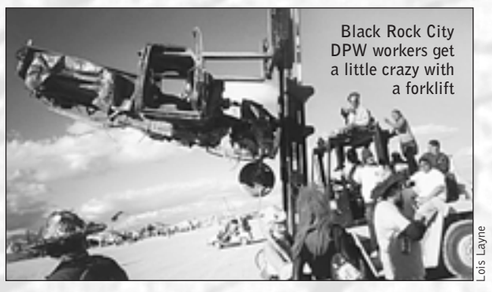
Now let's move on – because the sunblock issue comes up a lot, and I bet you're saying "Sage, you freak, I don't have to worry about sunburns, I brought sunblock and my genitals are safe as can be. Yes, sir-ee." Well, you're still at risk from other elements – like the dust! Your penis might glisten defiantly in the sun and suck in UV rays until it stands as hard and firm as a sundial – but there's still playa dust, and sunblock is a magnet for it. By noon, you'll be looking like you've been getting knobbers from girls in mud masks. I've heard that any attempts to clean yourself off results in having once soft skin the consistency of sandpaper.

Of course, if you skip the sunblock (and several actually do) you're going to have the sandpaper effect in a whole new way. As a friend described to me after accidentally spending a few hours asleep and naked in the desert sun, "It was like having my tongue ripped out, boiled in oil, and then shoved back in my mouth before it cooled." You can swear off having sex for a while, too. In fact, if you plan to go naked without sunblock this year, be sure to wear a condom. Wearing one will at least give you a fighting chance of having the capacity to use another one for it's desired purpose should the situation arise.

As for the girls – well, I'd like to say I've never met a naked girl I didn't like, but I've had to avoid a few in order to keep it that way.

WHAT'S OUT	WHAT'S IN
bondage leather	Liquid Latex™
dehydration	water
electroluminescent wire	holographic nanotech tattoos
glow sticks	Krill lights
human trash in the porta-potties	human excrement in the porta-potties
inhaling the propellant	fresh whipped cream
Kidsville	Gigsville
liquid nitrogen	liquid oxygen
Mickey's 40-ouncers	blue margaritas
store-bought fireworks	Impotence Compensation Project
tanning oil	SPF 30
Y2K	L2K

– list compiled by Dr. Lizard and Penfold



Black Rock City DPW workers get a little crazy with a forklift

Lois Layne

BRC DPW: We work hard, we play hard

by an ANONYMOUS DPW WORKER

I've been out here at the Black Rock City DPW "labor camp," sweating and frying for weeks now. I'm kind of on brain boil out here – a 120-degree day on the playa will do that to you. But it's not that bad, really – they put certain additives in the food to equalize us. It's a pretty good buzz. I can't place it, but it could be thorazine.

Actually, everyone in the DPW is a little crazy – you kinda have to be. I mean, what kind of person spends two months living in the god-forsaken desert just to build a city that's only going to last one week? Sometimes, I think we're all just a bunch of nutcases, drawn to the lithium content of the well water out here. Damn, it's hard water. It's as hard as a 16-year-old's cock watching porno. It's so hard we chew it. It cuts diamonds, and totally counteracts loose stools. We load our guns with it... uh, so to speak.

Conditions at the labor camp are rough, but like the saying goes, "that which doesn't kill us makes us stronger." For instance, we've discovered that dog milk doesn't taste so bad in one's coffee. Right now, the hottest things on the camp black market are cigarettes and radio batteries, followed closely by booze, beer, and sexual favors, not necessarily in that order.

So we've been working our asses off out here since July. Fuck, I hate sticking little flags in the ground. But at least the DPW has finally discovered the sound management principle of "threes." You see, three is the perfect number for a crew – two to do the work and one to hold the bag or drive the car or whatever. To facilitate this, we've organized the volunteers into special task focus groups of three each, and to encourage a symbolic bonding, we attach them via a chain and leg irons. For larger tasks we use multiple groups of three which are supervised by a manager, usually with a big-ass bull whip. It seems to work.

My crew consists of an Afrikanse, a professional body piercer, and a leather jock-wearing Bo Derek-long-braided gothish tattooed guy who seems like a cross between a vampire, Tarzan, and Wolf Boy. I like my crew – they're fun.

As you can probably guess, the bulk of the DPW workforce are counter-cultural warriors to whom bureaucracy is anathema – crazed kids who can weld together a tall bike from scraps in mere minutes. There's a whole shitload of hardcore tattooed-faced freaks from Minneapolis; two professional body piercers who are, well, holy to say the least; one pregnant mother; and one newborn, if you can believe it.

There are also two rockin' DPW punk bands, Suicidal Bunnies and Tank Girl. And they both could have held their own on a bill with the Dead Kennedys or you name it. They kick ass. Apocalypse Theatre is also in the house – hotties all.

We have something like 120 volunteers – most are solid, but there are a few slackers. Three of them were left in the stocks all day yesterday and had rotten food and feces thrown at them. Talk about "Lord of the Flies." Fortunately, I have my Zen armor and a quick draw stun baton, just in case. Sometimes, people miss the "edginess" of the old Burning Man, or they get heat stroke and start running at the barbed wire – and *that's* when we play rock salt buckshot tag. Hey, we work hard, we play hard.

Admittedly though, the crew *is* starting to show signs of stress from being out here for too long – fistfights are frequent and bloody, often ending in severe lacerations and severed limbs. Women however, are safe. Besides, DPW women are usually the ones starting the fistfights and severing the limbs. Nobody, except for those with a death wish, should mess with them.

Last week, we were all ready to pull an insurrection and declare the DPW a workers' collective – except for the fact that we knew that 25,000 participants would be arriving in less than a month. Not that we really care, but it *does* give us something to do. In fact, the managers all received knives as gifts from the Burning Man upper management and have sworn oaths to commit suicide if any participants meet with discomfort. See, we *do* care!

We don't really give a damn about the structure of Black Rock City though. We know that it's an organic process and that all we build is the skeleton – the flesh is everyone who shows up. So we slave away, building the city's infrastructure, and then everyone shows up with their RVs and their theme camps and fucks it all up. It annoys us, but we're used to it.

But if you've ever wondered why the DPW has such a bad attitude, that might be part of it. Not that we care though. We know damn well that we are what all the moneyed professionals who attend pretend to be – and that they all wish they could be us for just one day. But sorry kids, the DPW doesn't work that way. Out here, to play hard, you gotta work hard.

DPW does *not* stand for:

Damned Pathetic Worms
Dancing Pretty Wild
Dangerous People Working
Dapper Pretty Wildkids
Deducing Pertinent Ways
Deep Penetrating Whup-ass
Delecatage Paired w/Willys
Delivering Provident Wisdom
Demanding Pretty Women
Demented Patient Ward
Denial Permanently Waived
Deranged Party Wonks
Deviant Prophylactic Wielding
Devious Pretentious Women
Do Perceive Wisely
Doing People Warmly
Doing People Wonders
Doing People Wrong
Don't Piss-off Will
Don't Presume Wombatshit
Donniker Peeing Wiccans
Double Penetration Workshop
Driving Partly Wrecked
Drugged Perverts Whacking-off
Drunk People Welding

Actually, DPW stands for *all* of these things

Come to think of it, just about anything you can think of that's an acronym for DPW is probably true.

LadyBee's Top Ten Picks of the Playa

by LADYBEE

This is a highly-opinionated selection, in no particular order.

1. ***Euphorium* by Antenna Theater** – *every night, 3:30 Esplanade*

Experience the virtual, opium-induced dream world of poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge. You will walk through an environment and experience the visions that led Coleridge to write the poem *Kubla Khan*. While images float before your eyes, you will hear snippets of the poem mixed with music, creating a hallucinatory soundscape.

2. **The Mystic Krewe of Satyrs Moth Ball at the Cocoon Club** – *Wednesday 9 PM, Center Camp Ring & 11:00*

It's the second annual funky New Orleans party, the "Moth Ball." Sample their Nectars and help cocoon the Caterpillar so it can "Mothomorphosize" on Friday night. This is a costume ball, with bugs bidding for "Best of the Bar."

3. **Black Rock Electric Parade** – *Sunday 9 PM, starting at the Roller Disco in Center Camp*

The annual parade of EL-wire vehicles and costumes. Look for the giant mobile bumblebee!

4. **Spinnin' Anemeone Carousel by the Manatee Love Society** – *every night, in the Playground theme art area*

A pedal-powered carousel with six whimsical sea creatures, each with a name, a history, and the proper accessories, and a center column with animated el-wire kelp and bubbles. Each night at dusk the fab fishy creatures will come out and celebrate the glorious lighting of the reefs. Let them take you on a sea cruise.

5. **Mothomorphosis** – *Saturday night, the Mausoleum*

Join the Mystic Krewe of Satyrs in parading from their camp to the Mausoleum to witness the fiery transformation of a caterpillar to a butterfly, celebrating the death of technology in favor of a world driven by Primal Urges.

6. **Amazing Larry's Cube Club** – *every night, out on the open playa at 1:00, about a half-mile past the Man*

It's the Lucky 7 Ages of Man. This is for those of us who prefer live musicians playing actual, real instruments instead of DJs spinning techno. Inside two giant red dice you will find a dark, sexy nightclub and casino, serving cocktails and featuring live jazz with a sultry vocalist.

7. **Dragging of the Lion** – *Friday 4 PM, 3:30 & Esplanade*

On Friday, a fifty-foot long lion, a prop from a production of Verdi's opera *Aida*, will be dragged from the Camp One Tribe at 3:30 and Esplanade out onto the open playa in the 12:00 position, somewhere between the Mausoleum and the trash fence. When it comes to rest, around 7 PM, *Trust,* a five-minute requiem for the 20th century, will be performed.

8. **Maze tours** – *daily from 4 PM - 6 PM*

In case you can't figure out how to get through this insanely complicated Maze, you will be shown the theme rooms, the center courtyard, and the gallery, along with the other art that hides within.

9. **Ziggurat burn** – *Saturday night after the Man burns (midnight-ish), in the Playground theme art area*

After a performance, the Ziggurat, which is located in the Playground area, will burn gloriously. As the 25-foot structure burns, see the four giant flaming spheres (composed of wood, sage, underwear, and ???) roll down their respective ramps, strike a set of art pins, and come to rest in their burn podiums.

10. **Temple of Tears grief ritual and burn** – *Sunday 10:30 PM-ish, the Mausoleum area, out past the Man*

David Best's wooden filigree fantasy, bigger and more complex than last year's Temple of the Mind, will be set on fire after a ritual of collective mourning. A fitting way to end your Burning Man.

Runner-up: *Lost at Last* performance *on Friday night, at Emerald City, 2:15 Esplanade,* with the great and powerful Oz head, big honkin' lasers and other special effects.

classifieds

PAPERBOYS & PAPERGIRLS WANTED TO HELP DELIVER *PISS CLEAR!*
Help deliver *Piss Clear* to the Black Rock City masses! Please stop by the *Piss Clear* offices at 1:00 Outer Ring Road in Center Camp, and ask for Lois Layne. Be a part of the *Piss Clear* delivery team!

AMAZING LARRY'S CUBE CLUB
Is there any truth to the rumors of dirty money and even dirtier laundry at Amazing Larry's Cube Club, the recently re-opened jazz club and casino on the outer playa? What shady lei-wearing underworld figures lurk behind the scenes of this seemingly innocent establishment? And how is it that they make such damn good cocktails? For his part, Amazing Larry isn't talking, but follow the trail of macadamia nuts to the giant red dice on the playa.

DR. PLEASE SCREENS FOR ALIEN DNA
If you haven't been screened for alien sporophytes, please look for Dr. Please, the man with the funny-sounding electronic parasite detector. Just say, "Please, Dr. Please, check me out!" I am discovering many Black Rock City residents who harbor stomatopods, a carrier of alien DNA. This is hidden in the prehistoric lakebed playa dust. Once it enters your skin, it will travel though your circulatory system as a stomatopod, and eventually attach itself to a friendly organ, where it will start to change into a larva. This gets weird! Please see Dr. Please, who has the latest electronic tools needed to find, identify, immobilize, and remove these things without any pain or scars. I have a large staff to assist with these procecures. Be sure to ask me about my large staff too.

RETURN THE SPOONS!
The Spoon Return Center needs you to bring in your wayward spoons! If you haven't returned a spoon yet, then you are only cheating yourself out of of inner peace.

AUTOEROTIC ASPHYXIATION CAMP
Always wanted to try it but were too afraid or embarrassed? Autoerotic Asphyxiation Camp will provide you a safe, private venue to get off. Using 100% oriental silk neckties to cut off the flow of oxygen to your brain ensures that your experience will "leave no trace." Who needs to go back to work with that unsightly rope burn? Trained EMTs will also be there to monitor your progress, standing by with adrenaline, defibrilators and resuscitators to bring you safely back from the brink if you go a little too far. Come in, get off, get out.

RANGER RADIO ON 99.5 FM
The Ranger Radio Show returns to Burning Man 2001. Playa DJs Big Bear and Boris Darling will be playing some great fucking music every day. Daily musical themes are claimed to follow the Seven Ages of Man bullshit, as if these two wackos could even count to seven. Every day at 3 PM on Radio Free Burning Man at 99.5 FM.

PAGING ADAM AARONSON
What went down with the Paradise? Stop by *Piss Clear*!

HELP DESIGN THE *PISS CLEAR* WEB SITE!
The *Piss Clear* web site is in DESPERATE NEED of an update and a re-design. We've got the content, just not the time. Desperately seeking a gracious HTML jockey to make us look pretty. E-mail us at: pissclear@blue-period.com.

Drink enough water so that you piss clear!

Some of you may have seen this information floating in the effluvia of cyberspace, but out here on the playa, it's even *more* relevant.

We all know how important water is to your survival out here. But do you know just how important it really is?

1. 75% of Americans are chronically dehydrated.

2. In 37% of Americans, the thirst mechanism is so weak that it is often mistaken for hunger.

3. Even *mild* dehydration will slow down one's metabolism as much as 3%.

4. One glass of water shuts down midnight hunger pangs for almost 100% of the dieters studied in a U-Washington study.

5. Lack of water is the #1 trigger of daytime fatigue.

6. Preliminary research indicates that 8-10 glasses of water a day could significantly ease back and joint pain for up to 80% of sufferers.

7. A mere 2% drop in body water can trigger fuzzy short-term memory, trouble with basic math, and difficulty focusing on a computer screen or a printed page.

8. Drinking 5 glasses of water daily decreases the risk of colon cancer by 45%, plus it can slash the risk of breast cancer by 79%, and one is 50% less likely to develop bladder cancer.

Random tips for the playa

Spend a little time thinking about how you carry your water. A water container that is too small may result in you not drinking enough, or being forced to cut short your excursions to return to camp and refill. Conversely, a container that is too large or unweildy to carry may quickly get abandoned altogether. As you've no doubt read, it is imperative to remain properly hydrated at Burning Man. Having an adequate, comfortable, portable water supply is key. Also consider what other items you will be carrying with you, such as sunglasses, your dust mask, a camera, sunblock, etc. Design your personal carrying solution to be simple, secure (e.g. zipper-closes are better that loose flaps) and hassle-free and you can put the 'play' back into playa.

– flux

Candy-flipping is becoming more and more popular. This is an excellent way to have a powerful acid trip while cleverly circumventing the possible downside of not being a generally good person and deeply in touch with yourself before starting the trip – or just ensuring a positive experience no matter what kind of situation the chaos and anarchy of Burning Man throws you into. The trick is this: just when you feel the peak of the acid coming on, drop the same amount of Ecstacy that you normally take by itself. If you take it much too early or much too late, it cancels out. But taken on the crest of the peak gives you a wild, ecstatic trip. Good for large group experiences, if you have enough to go around. And if you don't, then what did you come here for?

– Dr. Lizard

It only takes about a quart of water to make playa mud, but it takes about five gallons to get it out of your hair.

Body paint is cool but remember that it comes off on your sleeping bag, the chairs in the café, and your lover.

Just because someone gives you a condom, it doesn't necessarily mean they want to have sex with you. It might just mean they don't want you to breed.

Most people who live in deserts actually wear lots of clothes.

– Dennis Hinkamp

Did you know...?

... that Burning Man participants consume over:

- 3000 lbs. of pot
- 50,000 pills of MDMA
- 14,000 tabs of acid
- 6000 lbs. of mushrooms
- 1 million cubic feet of nitrous oxide

all in just one WEEK!